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# S P E E C H

S P O K E N B Y

I S A A C C R E W,

An Orphan of the Grammar-School in *Christ's-Hospital* ;

To His Majesty

King WILLIAM III.

In his passage through the City of *London*, Nov.  
16. 1697. on his return from *Flanders*, af-  
ter the Happy Conclusion of the Peace.

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*Published at the Desire of many of the Governours of Christ's-Hospital.*

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A Midst the loud, repeated Acclamations of your joy-  
ful people ; which, like the voice of Thunder,  
fly round our Isle, vouchsafe (*Dread Sir !*) a gra-  
cious ear to us poor Children, who, in softer accents, but  
with no less Loyalty of Affection, congratulate your long  
desir'd return in Peace and Triumph, to this once more  
happy Nation : whose antient Government and pure Re-  
ligion, whose Laws and Liberties, whose Rights and Im-  
munities, (things dearer than our Blood, and always highest  
in the esteem of wise and good men, ) your Sacred Ma-  
jesty, with utmost hazard of your unvaluable Person, has  
so gloriously retriev'd, and with such matchless gallantry  
continues to maintain. Nor doubt we, but so immense  
Good-



Goodness, joyn'd with so great Prudence, is still preparing a fairer scene of things, and new joys for your people.

'Tis you, (*Illustrious Sir!*) who are the support of all our dearest Interests, the *Palladium* of our present felicity, and the pledg of our future. But your unparallel'd Virtues are a subject too lofty for our praises; sufficient to exhaust the vigour of the boldest Panegyrist: nor can the flock of the whole inspired Tribe furnish out an adequate *Encomium*. Your great Achievements fill our Histories and Annals: and Fame, which has spoken such mighty things concerning You, almost staggers in the belief of her own just reports.

Go on, (*Great Sir!*) belov'd of God and Man; and having surpass'd all antient Heroes, be your own great Rival and Example.

Heaven smile on all your Enterprizes, and favour all your great designs, for the advancement of the Protestant Interest, the prosperity of these Nations, and the weal of *Europe*; and crown that zeal with which your great Soul is inflam'd, toward the Publick, with suitable Successes and Rewards.

May you long sway the Scepter of these flourishing Kingdoms, in security and ease; blest always with the faithful Councils of the wisest Senate, and the entire Obedience of a most Loyal People. And amidst all the Glories of such Sovereign Greatness, vouchsafe to look down on us poor Orphans, and grace our numerous Foundation with your Princely favour.

May no *Alastors* henceforth infect your State, no factious jars disturb the civil Harmony; but in an entire accord, may all orders apply to their respective duties, and wisely and thankfully enjoy their happiness, under the best of Princes, the best of Governments, in the best of Kingdoms.